HOMŒOPATHY,

ITS

EARLY HISTORY, CHARACTER AND TENDENCY.

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PREFACE.

In presenting the following views to the public, I wish it understood there is not the slightest intention to be personal. The blow is aimed at what I regard a dangerous error in practice, and an equally dangerous faith in multitudes grossly deceived by a mysterious hypothesis—a modern Myth.

The paper, prepared several years ago for the London Lancet, is now offered to the profession and their friends, in its present dress, only after repeated and urgent solicitations of those for whose opinion I entertain the highest regard.

Though trained in the regular ranks, and in the great colleges and hospitals of Europe and the United States, I am trammeled by no professional clique—no particular system but that of *scientific* medicine. In a practice of nearly twelve years in New York City, with unusual opportunities for observation and reflection, it was my pride and pleasure to appropriate whatever was found to be good in any theory. Not narrow prejudice therefore, but sense of duty impels me to give the result of large experience and liberal research, while sitting in judgment on the claims of Homœopathy.

R. G.

HOMŒOPATHY.

Students in Medicine often ask me the meaning of this uncouth term—an explanation of the theory it indicates, and the practice it proposes. As this shews a commendable anxiety to know more of a pretended system which strikes at the foundation of that beautiful and harmonious combination of Science and Art embodied in the rectified and fuller development of modern theory and practice, the following sketch is respectfully confided to American patrons and representatives of legitimate Medicine.

Homœopathy is derived from two Greek words, *homoios* (similar) and *pathos* (symptom, affection, disease.) Some derive it a little differently. But this is the exact meaning, and accords best with Hahnemann's theory of disease, and with the therapeutical and pathological relations he professes to have unfolded and consecrated under that term.

Applied to the healing art it imports that disease is cured by the same agents which, administered in a state of health, would *produce* the same or similar disease—and that therefore, knowing these by experiments instituted for the purpose, or accidentally discovered, the *simptoms* of a malady invariably indicate an infallible remedy. Similia similibus curantur, is the fundamental law of its creed and the rule of its economy.

But what does Hahnemann mean by disease? At page 10 of the Organon der Heilkuntz, he says "diseases are dynamic aberations which our spiritual existence undergoes in its mode of feeling and acting—immaterial changes in the state of health."

Again—in his work on chronic diseases, we are gravely informed that "7–8ths of all chronic maladies are caused by psora or itch—and the remaining 8th, by syphilis or sycosis"—that "this psora is the oldest, most universal, and most pernicious chronic miasmatic disease"—and that "careful observations, comparisons and experiments have revealed the fact that the tedious ailments of both the body and the soul are all partial manifestations of this one primitive chronic psoic miasm, whose innumerable *simptoms* form but one integral disease, and ought to be treated as parts of the same disturbance."

In another place it is assumed that "the aggregate of simptoms, in a given case, constitutes the disease—and therefore we should address our treatment *exclusively* to the former. Extinguish the simptoms and you eradicate the disease," is another fundamental assumption in the doctrine of Hahnamann.

On these few propositions, visionary and mystical as they are, evidently designed for the ignorant superstitious masses of his own countrymen, the arch impostor—for it would be uncharitable to suppose him ignorant of what he is about—founds the whole fabric of theoretic Homœopathy.

In detail, the practice consists in administering what the ostensible Author wrongfully calls *homœopathic* drugs, in infinitely small doses, professedly to *augment* the disease which he confounds with the simptoms. By thus provoking greater efforts in the throes of nature, struggling in a conflict of hereditary maladies, the homœopathist insures her success. Hahnemann distinctly says, "we know with certainty that the vital powers do not accomplish a victory over disease in a direct manner"—but "find it necessary to assist and direct the vital forces by properly selecting homœopathic agents. By magnifying ever so little the enemy by which the vital forces are assailed, which we accomplish by aiding the vital forces by an artificial morbid influence closely resembling the disease, we provoke those forces gradually to unfold their energies till they become powerful enough to control the disease."

Now it is not easy to see how we may augment or magnify the *enemy* by merely aiding the *vital* forces with which they are at war, and that too by artificial morbid influence similar to that by which they are assailed. How can we increase the energies of one antagonist by stimulating another to greater activity? The proposition, though equally obscure and unsatisfactory, is probably based on the absurd dogma that all disease is but an ineffectual effort of nature to throw off some impediment to the functions of a healthy organism, and therefore most certainly and speedily cured by agravating her alarm, thereby stimulating her to greater labor in the cause of restoration.

Though a probable inference this does not accord with Hahnemann's definition of disease—which is only prefigurative of the habitual inconsistencies that pervade all his speculations. On another page of the same work, he asserts that "in all chronic diseases, remedies are to be directed—not against simptoms, but against itch, sycosis or syphilis," which he supposes to have existed in all previous time, and to which he refers all disorders that have appeared since the first transgression of the laws of health. Here is a plain contradiction of a previous rule where he says all remedies must be addressed to *simptoms* which *constitute* the disease in every case. In the Organon he changes his positions repeatedly—in one place proposing merely to aid nature, in another expressly declaring that "the efforts of pure nature are never salutary under morbific action." How his followers may solve these enigmas, or reconcile their diversities, remains to be shown. So far they have maintained a respectful silence.

But, to produce the desired effect, their remedies must be administered in infinitessimal doses. Hence we are told of the wonderful effects of the millionth, trillionth, drillionth of a grain—and of the necessity for caution in smelling as the only safe means of administering some potencies. Shaking too has suprising efficacy in developing the powers of a drug. Hahnemann says, "when I was in the habit of giving a whole drop of the attenuation mixed with a little water, I found that ten shakes developed the medical drug to an excessive degree, and therefore substituted two shakes instead of ten. In cases where smelling had to be resort-

ed to, I employed for the purpose several vials containing globules of a different potency—the patient smelling of the highest potency, and every day of a lower potency, either with both nostrils, or only with one, according as I desired to produce a stronger or weaker impression." (Chron. Dis. pref. III—10 p.

Now, according to the doctrine of infinitessimals in this miraculous scheme, two shakes ought to produce a greater potency than ten—and smelling a lower potency with one nostril, a stronger impression than smelling a higher with both. For this smelling and shaking, to be be consistent, ought to agree with the theory which supposes the least possible agency to act with the greatest force, because with the greatest certainty and facility in its results.

But, wishing to do this theory justice, and having no little curiosity in the matter, I have carefully calculated the quantity of water it would take to dissolve a grain so that a drop may contain a decillionth—and find it would require an ocean three thousand miles wide, twenty-one thousand long, and about seventeen deep. This is many times greater than all the waters on our globe—and yet one drop is often too much for a homœopathic dose! Hence ladies and children, dear delicate creatures, are so prone to admire this system of practice. Sugar pills too that melt between the box and lips, while the eloquent patient exclaims "give physic to the dogs"—have all the charm of sweetness and novelty.

One would think this a respectable tax on the credulity of the reader. But the following extract from p. 285 of Simpson's Tenets and Tendencies of Homœopathy, will shew how far it is from being extravagant.

"12th Attenuation. One grain dissolved in a sea containing ing about fourteen million cubic miles of alcohol.

15th Attenuation. One grain, in an ocean of fourteen billion cubic miles of alcohol.

24th Attenuation. One grain, in an ocean of fourteen quintillion cubic miles of alcohol.

30th Attenuation. One grain, in an ocean of fourteen septillion cubic miles of alcohol—or in a quantity sufficient to make one hundred and forty billion spherical masses extending from limit to limit of Neptune's Orbit."

These calculations may be overstrained. But they are in the right track and rest on the wonderful power of dynamization "by means of two strokes of the arm from above downward."

But Hempel carries these "dilutions, attenuations, potencies, dynamizations," up to the two hundredth, and any attenuation above (p. 279.) Others state undoubted cures by the two thousandth dilution. On authority of her husband, Madame Crosiero was cured of violent pleurisy in five hours. Dr. Gross cured his horse of staggers by making him smell the two-hundredth dilution of occulus—because, as we must suppose, it is a violent poison producing staggers before death. And one chemist, by the aid of the same two strokes of the arm from above downward," has reached the forty-thousandth dilution of arsenic, which has become omnipotent among potencies. The mass of fluid necessary to dissolve a grain under this attenuation exceeds all imagination. And yet one drop is a dose for the stoutest man. The delicate must only touch the sugar globule with the stopper that closes the vial containing the attenuation. The more delicate must be contented to smell the contents, some with one, some with both nostrils, as before stated.

Of the smelling process, which Hahnemann calls olfaction, I am no judge—except from analogy and common sense. There are no obvious elements from which to estimate that function as a medium of administration. But if there is any meaning in the anatomy of disease, or in the ascertained relations of appropriate therapeutical agents to physiological results—then it is difficult to conceive how any physician who deserves that name can entertain, as rules of practice, propositions so monstrous and absurd. In complicated disease, when the life of a human being depends on the science, skill, promptness and energy of his professional adviser—is it not humiliating to see him given up to an ignorant or reckless dissembler strenuously engaged in doing nothing!

This is the more surprising when we consider the contradictory dogmas of the expounder of Homœopathy. After professing to have discovered "an infallible method of cure applicable to all cases, and never failing to eradicate disease"—in another place he says, "first the treatment was satisfactory, then less favorable, and finally hopeless," but adds, "despite these failures, the *doctrine* has been, and will ever be founded upon the unshaken pillars of truth. Facts have confirmed its infallibility."

Such a medley of inadvertent confessions and inflated assumptions, might seem conclusive against homœopathy as a science, or a system of practice. But there is found a more triumphant answer in the unnatural and palpable falsehoods of the doctrine. To tell me the various forms of disease are but the single descendant of one parent, and should be treated as parts of a primitive integrity—and soon after admit that hosts may be referred to psora, syphilis, or sycosis, but are all certainly relieved by exalting their grade of action, and then leaving them to occult agencies with no intelligent executive to counsel or direct them—is a gross insult to the understanding, and a libel on all our experience, wearing in its very aspect the stamp of falsehood and design.

Under well appointed conditions rightly understood, the rule similia similibus curantur, operates with signal advantage, equally rapid, efficacious and certain. When the cook burns his fingers slightly, he holds them to the fire, and they get well. A Siberian frosts his foot, and he thrusts it into a snow-bank or iced-water, with speedy relief. The German has ever been in the habit of covering the part with frozen sourcrout, and always with a favorable result. Acidity of stomach, generated by morbific action in the organ, is readily corrected by nitro-muriatic acid in alterative doses—and what is commonly called adhesive inflammation, however reluctant, is kindly promoted by application of dilute creosote to secreting or ulcerating surfaces in contact. The same law obtains in a thousand other cases.

Now all this is homœopathy, recognized and practiced by the intelligent and observing physician long before Hahnemann was born—but not on the principle of augmenting the diseased action by infinitessimal agents. Take the case of the cook. Here the capillaries and nervous extremities are irritated and partially paralized by contact with a hot body. By gradual application of radiated heat from a distance, they are stimulated to action—and, by virtue of continuous sympathy or power of conduction, additional stimulation is imparted to their ramifications beyond and around the immediate seat of injury, so that the cause of disturbance is speedily removed by timely elimination. But we pro-

fess to do this by reinforcing the agents of health, not those of the particular disease, which is Hahnemann's proposition.

But carry out the theory as we are required to accept it. Is a deep burn, disorganizing textures, cured by the millionth of a ray of heat falling upon it from a distance? Is a frozen limb restored by the trillionth of a drop of iced water, or of the oder of sourcrout wafted over the part? Is chronic disease, or ill advised *diet*, that generates acidity, removed by infinitessimal doses of crude vegetables, or the odor of ultimate particles emanating from the vapor of acids? Is a gash of the broad axe healed by a touch of the lancet? Consumption, by infinitely diminished inhalations of irritating poison that produces it? Fever, by breathing decillionths of marsh miasmata? Struck by a rattlesnake at maturity, would you expect to find protection in the expiring bite of a copperhead in embryo? Crushed in the folds of a boa constrictor would you rely on the soft embrace of an infant's love? Powerless in asphyxia, collapsed in cholera, or sunk in typhoid, would the cautious administration of narcotics or antimony recall the waning energies of life? Called upon to extinguish the great fire of '35, would these homœopathic conjurors have employed infinitessimals of alcohol or phosphorus? Suppose Hahnemann, like the wondrous wise one of Ephesus, had "jumpt into a monstrous briar bush and scratched out both his eyes," do you believe he would have "jumpt into a little one to scratch them in again?" If the patient, to whom he had administered his 30th dynamization by smelling, should have tendered him his fee by holding a guinea under his nose—do you think he would have acknowledged its potency?

Absurd as all this may seem, it is the avowed basis of the whole fabric. Without the doctrine similia similibus curantur, and infinitessimal doses, the theory and practice must fall together—and I have purposely multiplied illustrations that the nature and tendency of Homœopathy may be obvious to every reader, professional or not.

But the followers of this bauble claim to derive their knowledge of the curative properties of medicines by trying them on the healthy subject—and if they produce disease they are put down as the appropriate remedies in the case or cases. Let us look at a few examples of this proceeding. Dr. Mure, the British Apostle of Homœopathy, has discovered that pediculus capitis or head louse, is an infallible cure for itch—and says he announces the discovery with "a feeling of inward satisfaction." He has "found that louse tea is capable of producing 283 different simptoms in the stomach, head, chest, bowels, skin, &c. Would he like to tell us on whom he made these delicate experiments?

Dr. Herring, the great American Apostle, recommends bugs in the 30th dilution, for the cure of inflammation arising from the bites of bugs. Jahr. (Man. H. Md.) says, sulphur or Lycopodium will produce in a healthy person, and hence will cure, despair of eternal salvation, (p. 563 & 337—Pulsatilla will create despair of eternal happiness, with continual praying, hymns, and devout aspect, p. 468.) Lachesis produces absence of religious feeling, and approaching death, p. 310.) A dose of gold, produces excessive scruples of conscience, and despair of one's self and others—of veratrum, extraordinary taciturnity, with oaths, and raving about religious matters—aconite, an irresistible desire to blaspheme, and a sensation of absence from the body, p. 3 —ana-

cardium or colocynth, swearing and want of all moral and religious feelings, p. 189.)

Then a book from the "Hahnemann Publishing Society," of London, informs us that camphor produces the delusion of flying; Belladonna, the sensation of riding on an ox, or giving the word of command, or counting money, or of the head and nose being transparent—Phosphorus, the belief that he has a large business—Veratrum, that he is a hunter, or eats his shoes—Copper, that he is a commanding officer, or has old chairs to mend, or greens to sell—Sulphur, that he has fine clothes—Conium, that he is a goose—Cicuta, that he is a child—Aconite, that he is driving sheep—Zinc, that his head has enlarged—Saradilla, that his stomach is devoured—Baryta, that his legs are cut off—Musk, that his fingers and toes are cut off—Amphysbœna, that his feet are in his brains—Stramonium, that he is killed, roasted, and people are eating him—that he is pursued by evil spirits, or that a dog is biting him, or that he is dancing in a church yard, or sees rabbits—Arsenic, that thieves are in the house—Æthusa, produces a vision of cats—Henbane, a belief that men are swine, or that the patient is cracking nuts, or is obliged to climb up the stove pipe—Hyoscyamus, that he is driving away peacocks—While poor, Mercury excites an inclination to pull people's noses. p. 76–77.

Of course these baleful drugs will cure all the evils they produce—and therefore, should we all turn homœopathists, the world might soon be rendered quite comfortable, because rational and peaceable—and, according to his prophetic and redoubtable reverence, Thomas R. Everest, Rector of Wickwar, Gloucestershire, England, a Clergyman of the established Church, we might all become religious, if thoroughly cleansed of itch, by a few doses of louse tea!

But the craft—those who make it a trade—now seek to escape conclusions by qualifying the original scheme. Even Hahnemann, driven to extremity in a given case, yields to rational treatment both in acute and chronic diseases. But no honest homœopathist will venture to deny these facts—or that the theory and practice, assumed by the founder and vindicated by his followers, are fairly illustrated in the cases I have supposed. These principles were their boast—their fortifications openly erected and maintained till driven from their position by attacks provoked by an attitude so defenceless. It was not till then they came out from their ramparts to seek safety by pretending to vary their modes of action so as to meet objections that threatened the foundations on which they rested their justification and their hopes. They tell you not to talk to them of Hahnamann. He gave them principles and infinitessimal doses. But the science is progressive. They are no longer led by the proboscis—and take care to give enough.

But if there was any truth in Hahnemann and his disciples, the system was perfect from the beginning, and therefore cannot change or become progressive. If there was falsehood in them the *system* may be false—and all their deviations are equivocal or licentious while they hold under the original charter. If they have abandoned their master, let them say so, and not cover their retreat by waving a flag no longer acknowledged. Besides Drs. Gross, Mure, Crosiero, Hempel, Herring, the Homœopathic Publishing society of London, and the blessed Rev. Thomas R. Everest, Rector of Wickwar, are all of our own day, and cry aloud

for Hahnemann and his attenuations *attenuated!* The pretence, therefore, cannot be sustained.

It is quite natural they should *seem* to come out a little from the obscurity behind which they first entrenched. But whatever appearance their practice puts on, it resolves into a heterogeneous mass of unintelligible dogmas from which no integral proposition can be deduced, and in which no one condition of inductive philosophy has been fulfilled—no set of well authenticated facts recorded from which a saving principle can be drawn to sanctify a creed or reconcile a defeat. The whole structure with all its appendages, mixed and suspected, stands palsied in its maturity and tottering to its fall. Every day we see its inefficiency all around us.

It is not the least remarkable feature in this deception, that the followers of Hahnemann claim for their oracle the unenviable distinction of being the first to suggest the new doctrine. Even *he* admits others had glimpses of the same truth. But this confession seems to have been extorted in self-defence. For soon after —forgetting himself in the glow of the Organon der Heilkuntz— he unequivocally professes to have discussed and vindicated this secret of the healing art for the first time. And yet all he advances thereas the basis of his theory had been urged by many---some paradoxical and whimsical as himself---others far his superiors in every sense.

In a work on epidemic diseases, attributed to Hippocrates, the author states that cholera is cured by hellebore—which, administered in a healthy condition, will cause the disease—and adds, vomiting is cured by emetics. The sweating sickness raged in the fifteenth century with unabated fatality, till treated by sudorifics—after which, Sennert informs us but few died. Vaccine produces simptoms similar to those of small-pox, and was believed to anticipate or prevent the latter. Minute doses of belladonna were found to produce an eruption resembling scarlatina—and Hufeland, Brera, Kopp, Hedenus, Berndt, Behr, Wagner, Kœler, Bloch all recommend it as prophylactic in that disease, even when raging epidemically—while Hedenus speaks of it as favourably known to the nursery before his time. Among these Hufeland acknowledges Hahnemann claims the discovery.

Detharding insists that senna tea cures cholic by virtue of a principle it contains which produces that disease—and Bouldue taught that rhubarb arrests diarrœha by the rule similia similibus curantur. Starck significantly inquires whether, since Stramonium raises delirium in health, it might not be well to try if it would restore the de irious—and Darlingden speaks of similar notions entertained successfully in his own practice. Dr. Kentish had large experience in the management of burns among miners, and found they always did best when treated with turpentine or spirits of wine. Hunter noticed the same thing—and John Bell gives a case where a lady had both her arms scalded, one of which he dressed with turpentine, the other with cold water. The first was easy in halt an hour—the one in water continued very painful for six hours. Though we have much better remedies now, these facts prove what is claimed in the pemises—and, so far as they go, favour the rule though not the practice in this novelty.

But Stahl, a respectable regimental physician in the Danish Army, comes out full and in detail on this whole theory—more to

Hahnemann in homœopathy that Newton was to Laplace, who did little more than fill up what was suggested in the Principia of his illustrious predecessor. He discusses the question without reserve—openly maintains that "the common rule of curing disease by antagonist remedies is totally erroneous— and, having given his reasons for this opinion, adds, "cases the most obstinate under ordinary treatment, yield readily to remedies that *produce* the same or similar maladies." (Stahl on Army practice, p. 7, introduction.)

When therefore the accumulated fancies of this practice are urged upon our attention, Hahnemann only repeats in a new dress what every well read member of the profession knows to have been taught by those who went before him, or cotemporaries ignorant of his pretentions. But, coupling his name for fifty years with follies now regarded by every enlightened physician of sound understanding, as the offspring of disturbed imaginations—he has consecrated his memory to an avenging future—a future that cannot overlook the fact, well known in the land of his birth, that Hahnemann did not *believe* the doctrines he publicly taught, but commended them to a credulous people because he thought them safe and found them profitable. This is admitted in Germany, by those who knew him well, and publicly announced in the Colleges at Halle, Gottingen and Leipsic.

But suppose him honest in his professions—it proves nothing. Loyola saw the bread and wine turned into flesh and blood. Females charged with witchcraft, have confessed familiar intercourse with the devil, when they knew it would lead to disgraceful death— Men and women reputed wise in their generation, now believe in spirit rapping and table turning. To any one but themselves, men's *faith* means nothing. Their actions and professions mean little more. We must look beyond these outward signs for proximate and remote *causes* before we venture to interpret what we see and hear. Those who regard internal sensations as veritable evidence of external truth, are not proper subjects for reason and intelligence. Their feelings, passions and propensities—mere vague or indefinite impressions—must be respected or they will denounce you as a heretic and an enemy. It is often lamentable to see with what strange perverseness lovely women and children will put away their amiability and common sense, to advocate doctrines of which it is impossible they can have any competent knowledge. It is thus every folly has its advocates—every fashion, its admirers. I have seen much of Homœopathy, and know that its success has not been greater than any other new fangled pathy with which the world has been beset for the last half century. Fatal cases are carefully concealed—but retainers on the house tops, blazon those that escape, without ceasing. Day and night "the cry is still they come!"

A homœopathic practitioner has just put into my hands, Dr. Henderson's reply to Simpson's Tenets—which I find to be very unsatisfactory. Far from being direct in its purpose or candid in its tone, it mainly rests on denying the facts, evading conclusions, or urging the usual charge of ignorance. This is not the way to treat a grave question of science and veracity—and no common usage can sanctify it.

But the book furnishes ample testimony against this same practitioner when he denies all *calculation* in the theory he professes. On page 178, a quotation from Dr. Dudgeon, put forth in evident

triumph, asserts that Hahnemann—without ever seeing a case of Asiatic Cholera, and in *anticipation* of its advance upon them—"guided by the unerring rule he had discovered, at once fixed upon the remedies that should prove *specifics* for it." At page 254 Henderson says, of a case in his own practice, "by carefully comparing the particulars of her sufferings with the provings of several medicines, calcarea carbonica was selected as the most suitable to all the symptoms." And every other homœopathist, with whom I have conversed, professes to find the infallible remedy by the same unerring rule. Nay, he boasts of it. And is not this *one mode of calculation?*

Some, by a peculiar sort of transparent modesty, unwittingly shew too soon the extent of their knowledge and the drift of their feelings. The obliging practitioner it is presumed, knows as much as anybody. But ne sutor ultra crepidam is a safe maxim when dealing with superiors. My aim is at the eagle's wing.

Interested followers have published a most disingenuous life of their leader—apparently to excuse or justify themselves. But his career is well known, and shews how little reliance can be placed on the soundness of his views or the purity of his motives. Born in Saxony, 1755, he graduated at Erlangen, 1779, and soon after settled at Gommern in *regular* practice, but without success. In 1790 he discovered the similia similibus curantur secret—and six years after published his first dissertation on Homœopathy in Hufeland's Journal. In 1800, he professed to discover a new salt, which he advertised at four dollars an ounce, under the name of alkali pneum. By order of the society of natural science at Berlin, Kloproth analyzed the article and found it to be common borax. Not long after he advertised his infallible preventive of scarlatina, at the same price, which proved to be a solution of belladonna.

In 1805, a treatise on the virtues of medicines was produced—and in 1810, driven from Konigslutter, he settled in Leipsic, where the Organon der Heilkuntz appeared. During the next year the system was publicly taught there, and gained many converts.—About the same time the Materia Medica Pura was developed and published, as a clear revelation of infallible remedies for disease under every form, and under every condition of our being—and in 1828, chronic diseases, their peculiar nature and homœopathic treatment, made its appearance. Besides these, and many other proofs of quackery in its worst sense, Professor Jærg, of Leipsic, has shown his quotations from ancient authors—by which he affects to sustain his views or justify his conclusions—to be entirely erroneous.

Thus he went on till his bad faith drove him into exile. In Italy his practice was admitted to the fairest and amplest tests in their hospitals, and entirely failed. It was the same in Paris.—Whole wards were given up to him—and every opportunity afforded to sport with the lives of that volatile and reckless people, till it was satisfactorily proved they "are a nation of ideas," and that sometimes they are *wrong* ones.

But no discomfiture could control his habits, or mend his philosophy. He went on deceiving himself and others in the hopes it inspired, till the scheme ripened into something sufficiently dark and impenetrable to commend itself to his credulous and superstitious countrymen. Thus, wrapped in mystery and skilled in professional fraud, he returned to the dupes of mesmerism and

"Harlem Oil by the grace of God," who hailed the advent with a general jubilee.

This was an important era in the progress of Homœopathy. The people were ripe for revolt against the profession - and all opposition from that quarter was readily converted into persecution from interested motives—as fear, jealousy, dread of exposure.—In this way the sympathy of the masses, ever quick and stubborn on the side of the mischievous and absurd, was speedily enlisted. The disaffected came to the rescue with a rush—and the virtues of homœopathy were wafted over the land like witches in the mist or fairies on a broomstick.

But her fame was borne aloft only that her fall might be the greater. The loss of health and life by this plan of neglect, became alarming—and in 1825, by order of the Emperor of Austria those who practiced in this way were visited by the police—all their medicines taken possession of, and the practice prohibited throughout the Empire under the severest pains and penalties.—This is matter of public notoriety in the Journals of that day—and cannot be unknown to many.

A sudden suspension of these numerous functionaries in the place of their greatest security, accounts for the circumstance that they were soon found all over Western Europe. Carefully concealing the *cause* of this inundation, they called it the Homœopathic exodus by which, in virtue of their inherent and diffusive potency, their doctrines were destined soon to fill all time and space! From these lurking places, as they gradually wore themselves out, many fled to this country, where they found a growing distrust of the regular profession, and rankest impostors flourishing under respectable clerical patronage. But many dupes to these inventions of the evil one, had been disappointed in their hopes, from Hydropathy, Chronothermal and Mesmeric ingenuity. Brandreth's Pills, Comstock's Sarsaparilla, Galvanic Rings, and all were given up for the new visitation—the more readily because no one but a Greek scholar could possibly tell what Homœopathy meant. Moreover, Brown's Essence of Ginger had not been discovered—and infinitessimals claimed free course for a time.—"The spittle of the patient, rubbed upon the tail of a yellow cat, is good for sore eyes."—(Molly Shephard.

As the Phrenologist, when confronted by facts, gravely tells us we do not understand his *science*—so some Homœopathists will deny the history of their predecessors. The more intelligent and conscientious admit the facts, and merely put in the plea that they have abandoned the *original* creed. Let them *publicly* confess it, or shew it in their practice, and we will respect the transit. It will then be a trial of skill between us in a fair exercise of genius, talent, judgment, science--We know their practice as well as they do, and can decide upon its comparative efficacy. But we object emphatically to their using ours in time of difficulty, *while professing exclusive Homœopathy.*

Among a people educated to believe in the heresy that all men are born equal, no proper respect can be entertained for science, talent or personal worth. Every knave boasts of his own judgment, and rests on his *chartered* rights of equality. Enlightened, thoughtful and vigorous minds readily see through the demagogue fraud that conceals the falsehood. But the great bulk of mankind are pleased with the idea of an equality that comes by pulling down the wise and good to a level with themselves. Hence the

mountebank, in their own ranks, of sufficient ignorance and audacity to proclaim himself a *born* doctor, is heralded with acclaim and nurtured with a penetrating love of the marvelous. Very much on the same ground, all mystery is successful.

How far this state of things may be indirectly owing to deficient education in our midst, both medical and preliminary—to the prevalent habit of smuggling into the regular ranks, natural heirs to the spade, the shovel and the axe, merely because they have money to pay for a lying parchment surreptitiously obtained, with fear and trembling—and to the consequent unmanly and dishonorable spirit of detraction among the fraternity in most places—is not for me to say. But that the conditions of the bond of brotherhood contain the essential elements of destruction, must be evident to every frank and candid observer who reflects on what he sees and hears. The regular profession is distrusted by virtue of its own delinquencies.

I am aware this was denied in convention not long ago, in reply to an unreserved acknowledgment of the fact in a respectable quarter. But it was by one long pampered in a community where every thing *strictly their own*, is held in higher estimation by themselves than by anybody else. It may still therefore be assumed that the profession has lost cast in this country. Out of Philadelphia, and perhaps a few other places, it is a mere trade—a scramble for dollars and cents. Here and there "a bright particular star" had risen to the zenith throned in solitude—obscured by the innumerable planets, ominous and dark, that float in clouds beneath the orb it radiates. But even these beautiful and impregnating lights have been struck from the professional firmament—and none have yet fairly risen to reflect their glory or consecrate their fame.

The fact cannot be concealed that, as a body, we have fairly forfeited the confidence of society, and have no right to complain it has been transferred to the pretender who boldly pledges himself to better things. When Bonaparte entered Prussia he proclaimed liberty to the oppressed subjects of a despotic government—and the prince of tyrants was welcomed with a shout throughout the length and breadth of the land. Long ruled with an *iron* rod, they promptly turned from those who had betrayed them—to accept the deceitful promise of redemption, at the hands of a tyrant monster. On the same principle, when the afflicted fail to find relief from accredited representatives of legitimate medicine, who generally agree in nothing except in slandering one another—it is perfectly natural they should seek the reckless intruder who deals in *miraculous* cures. It may be a fault—but is the instinctive drift of ignorant, superstitious, or vascillating minds, who are ever prone to mistake the *abuse*, for the *reality* of a gift however precious and valuable in itself.

It is refreshing however to know that the signs of the times indicate recovery from this accidental degradation. Creed in its rising from the obliquity of its decline, and challenging honorable competition, the medical profession, in the hands of young Jefferson and our venerable University, is destined ere long to reign as the presiding divinity in the empire of arts and sciences everywhere—equally illuminating the heralds of time and eternity, by unfolding the mysteries of the living economy subject to laws of co-ordinate reciprocity, known only to the physiological interpreter of mental phenomena. But let us return to our subject.

After this exposition of the theory and practice, it may seem needless to add any formal opinion of Homœopathy. Whatever of good it embodies, was long known and employed by the thoroughly educated and thinking physicians anterior to the day of Hahnemann. What is foolish or preposterous we reject—what is wicked or deceptive we condemn and denounce as devices of the charlatan to defraud the ignorant and credulous.

Of such I hope there are few. But the uneducated homœopathist is *necessarily* reckless—alike destitute of ability to discriminate, or conscience to restrain him. Possessed of the latter he would not venture on a practice he cannot understand. Such a one clings to the two shakes and infinitessimals of Hahnemann, originally invented as symbols of the wonderful and mysterious—and as imparting an air of occult power when viewed by the superstitious. Of course *he does nothing therapeutically*. The man of tact beguiles his patient by false pretences—buoys up his spirits and cherishes hopes by flattering promises—regulates his diet or regimen as being necessary to the successful operation of his potencies. And how can ordinary cases help getting well! Time and the recuperative powers of nature, thus freed from encumbrances, are quite equal to all that is required in mere functional derangement. But the scientific observing physician does all this, and much more—he not only *relieves*, but materially *aids* nature, by which a cure is more summarily facilitated. Moreover he gives her all the credit due to God's appointed means for the restoration of healthy action is cases of trivial disorder—while partizans to the new faith, and the victims they betray, attribute the results to decillionth grain doses of spiritualized remedies known only to the Homœopathist—such I suppose as louse tea, and bed bugs sublimed and rectified.

The educated physician who adopts this burlesque on the healing art as a desperate alternative in his struggles for a living—if he has talent such as to justify entering on a profession so critical and responsible—knows when the hour of peril approaches, and recurs at once to the only treatment that promises success. He conceals the change from those it is his interest and his purpose to deceive—but he saves his patient. The *ignorant* adventurer, who adopts the practice as a profitable *trade* given to the spoiler for a time, goes on pointing the shaft of the fell destroyer in his triumphant strides through the chambers of the sick—and excuses the result by attributing it to the previous effects of allopathy!—a term the scientific physician has long ceased to acknowledge.

Certain classes taking advantage of vulgar prejudices against learned professions of every name—are often found accusing the *College* physician—as he is called by the hewers of wood and drawers of water—of using mineral poisons, making experiments on his patients—and above all of cutting up dead bodies—which of course, is very frightful to ladies and their babies!—Some heroes fight by the side of the great and good Riego—others cling to the strings of the petticoat, and are safe.

But these silly charges work powerfully with the suspicious, weak-minded and splenetic—who turn from the only competent ministers of health—for we have such—to the pretender and his sugar plums, both of which they swallow with equal gust under the impression they are imbibing imponderable potencies peculiar to the great magician and his chosen followers. They do this with the imagination strongly excited—and imaginary diseases

which constitute one half of those we meet with, get well. But this is of easy explanation without the aid of Homœopathy or mesmerism—long known to the accomplished physician from whom the charlatan gets all his knowledge and its uses—What can Swaym, Brandreth, Jayne, Moffatt know of medicine or disease, except what they get from the practice and teachings of educated physicians?

Again—The better informed among this class of pretenders, insist on a rigid observance of the well established rules of hygienics—also ascertained and enjoined by practical and thorougly educated physicians long before Hahnemann's father or mother ever thought of him. By this simple course—precisely what nature requires, what common sense dictates, and every conscientious, well informed practitioner in the regular ranks, constantly observes and enforces—the healthy functions are restored—and health is accorded as a *necessary* and direct effect.

The uninitiated do not see this, and Homœopathy gets all the credit—while the real agency resides in the regenerating elasticity of the animal economy when ever freed from embarrassment. It is an ordination of God—but, in artificial life, generally requires skill and science to elicit and direct it properly. All success under other conditions, must be accidental or fortuitous.

But Homœopathy rests solely on the similia similibus curantur principle, and infinitessimal doses administered professedly to *exalt* the morbific action—not to remove its cause. It makes no other pretention—asks no other concession—and cannot consistently rely on collateral aids.

But grant the homœopathist all he claims—all the cures he boasts of true and false. Greater are said to be performed by fright—excessive joy—sudden dread—unanticipated hope quickened and confirmed—the old woman's catnip tea, medicated sponge, or red woolen thread! By the prophet's touch dry bones are vivified, clothed in living flesh—and a wave of the King's hand has cured scrofula. This too, is well *anthenticated*---which is more than can be said of the miracles wrought by doses less than the imagination can conceive, or the powers of calculation compass short of the vanishing point. It shews moreover that the pretended success of the chosen may be accounted for without conceding a gift that belongs not to those in a professional rank to which they do not aspire.

That some persons get well *while* taking these pretended remedies no one will deny. But it is impossible any one can get well by taking them. Admirers of the marvelous will still patronize a heresy that mocks at philosophy—as did the idolatrous Jews the propitiatory fires in the Valley of Gehenna. But a sound understanding must see that the practice in ignorant hands is dangerous and culpable tampering where delay is hazardous---and a deliberate *fraud* in the educated who advocate its efficiency or curative power, in despite of all knowledge and experience to the contrary. Originally adopted as a desperate alternative, and cunningly designed for effect, it was admirably suited to impose on the excitable and credulous. But its days have been numbered, and its reign is declining---for the sun of true medical science is fast rising with healing in his beams, and religion in his glow.—The treacherous parchment, purchased for a price, has lost its charm--and scientific medicine, stript of pedantic formalities, hails from a higher and purer source. We no longer ask for the doctor,

but the *physician*. The Bible set us the example. But men found out many inventions by which, for a time, they lost sight of the important distinction. We are now returning to it with an experience that must work our professional salvation without the extraneous aid of Homœopathy.

It is quite probable amiable and *honest* minds have been led into this delusion by imposing and seductive pretentions---by plausible exposures of serious errors in the profession, numerous and obvious enough among the pedantic disciples of a former age ---and by an array of false heraldry put forth with boldness and assumption. To minds of a certain type, these evidences are sufficient. To those of a more manly and vigorous growth, a practice at war with science and experience among the wisest in all ages, and which jeopards the life of a brother at every step in the delay---ceases to be excusable in any sense.

I grant there are as many quacks in the regular ranks, as among the outsiders. But co-ordinate and identified with quackery in its worst acceptation, homœopathy, *in the aggregate*, has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Already its waning lustre shews distant and pale in the far horizon---where, if it still flourish for a season cheered by the smiles of the ignorant or hopes of the desperate, it will be without the freshness of novelty to conceal its rottenness from the eye of attentive observation, or fruit to redeem its culture from the pity and disdain of high-minded honorable members of a liberal profession, whose legitimate object is the health, happiness and stability of the human family--her motto, surgo ut prosim.

ERRATA.

Page 9—5th line from bottom, for "and approaching" read and fear of approaching.

12—1st line for "that" read than.

15—13th line from bottom, for "superstitions" read superstitious.

16—26th line for "is cases" read in cases.